

Turn, Turn, Turn

by KaneBuddy

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Summary: The story of the events of Halo 2 through the eyes of a Marine. The story goes from when he was on Cairo, and ends on High Charity. Chapters will NOT be written in order. Seriously people, if you're going to read the story, the least you can do is review.

1. Chapter 1: Prisoner

Chapter 8ish

I sat there in the violet prison and waited to die. The humidity had already sucked out about all the fluids from my body, and my standard issue uniform was soaked through with sweat straight through the black vest that I had, until recently worn.

The bars in front of me seemed to solidify the reality that I was a prisoner on a covenant ship somewhere God only knows

The Brute guard that was menacingly patrolling the area often turned to look at me with a glare that made me feel as though he wanted to sear me up with butter and a light garlic sauce. It was the same look he, or it, or whatever that thing was had given Sergeant Hathaway before he took out his crimson plasma rifle and burned her straight through the chest. Her cell was right across from mine and I saw the whole thing, she had gotten me safe on earth, saved my ass on halo, and then she gets shot in cold blood.

The gall of it all still burned in me, and I swore that if it was the last thing I ever did, I'd make that Brute pay.

The brute passed me by once more, and I felt for my last grenade in my vest pocket. It wasn't there.

"Where is it?" I mumbled to myself, "Gotta make that creature pay"

I opened one pocket, filled with Magnum rounds. I looked in the one

below it, my disposable digital camera. The one across that, I saw a bulge in the fabric.

"Gotcha"

I opened the pocket and stared at the grenade. I had no idea if the frag would even wound it, but I did know that I wasn't getting out of this hellhole alive either way. "Time to seal my destiny" I thought.

Just as I was about to pull the pin, the characteristic hum of covenant doors opening drew my attention. I wondered briefly if it was time for their shift change, but that thought was quickly banished when I saw a man, eight feet tall in green armor pass by my door, like a cat, heading for the brute who had his back turned.

He whipped out a brute shot, it was only the third time I had seen one of them, and impaled the guard in the spine with the blade, and then brought it up to the base of the skull. The brute was dead before it knew it had been hit and collapsed on the floor, twitched once, and became silent.

My green savior then walked to my cell, wrenched the bars apart, and pulled me out of the recessed cell. He then went to two other similar ones, and repeated, but only one man emerged. I walked over to the other cell he had opened up. The man in there was dead, dehydrated, and pale white. The Spartan walked up to me, put his gauntleted hand on my shoulder and looked at me in the eyes.

A raspy voice broke the silence. "We can't save them all soldier" I turned up to look at the Spartan. He handed me the Brute's plasma rifle, "but we can make them pay for the lives they've taken. If we leave now, we have the chance to save some more, you in?"

I grasped the rifle tighter with my hands and nodded. "Lets make them pay."

2. Chapter 2: Move Along

The Spartan quickly informed us of whom he was and what we were going to do. It seems one of the Prophets lead the Covenant has a key that will activate the ring we had vacated, and destroy all life as we know it. It was our job to make sure that never happened.

"One suicide mission after another, why'd I have to get signed up in this unit" the Hispanic man sighed. "But somebody's got to do it, right hombre?" he said, nodding his head towards me.

I raised an eyebrow, "Yeah, I guess so, what's your name pal?" I asked

He said, in heavily accented English, "The name's Karlov. Don't ask, long story. Just call me Karl and we'll be peachy. Alright?"

"Whatever you say Karl, my name's Strauss." I said, putting my hand out.

The Spartan cut in on our conversation saying, "Alright,

introductions are over, we need to get moving, there are at least three more Marines above us, and after we rescue them, we need to kill Truth, Let's move."

We walked up to the door. It opened with an organic sounding hum and we crossed into a large, dimly lit walkway. It was purplish and wrapped around about three-quarters of the room but after about fifteen feet from the wall, it dropped down into a bottomless pit. There was no guardrail, so Karl and I stayed to the edge near the wall. The Spartan didn't seem to care; he marched right over dead Grunts, Jackals, and the occasional brute. Looking carefully at the scene, I could tell there was an enormous battle that took place here. Grunts were burned through with plasma, Jackals had their faces kicked in, and Brutes were splattered apart with Needler explosions. The Chief though, didn't look fazed from it at all.

"So Strauss, I don't remember seein' you on In Amber Clad, when did you show up?"

"Oh wow, that is a loooong story my friend" I told him, while remembering everything that happened before, "Ask me again when we have some time to burn, but the short story is I came aboard on Earth."

"Ahh, so you barely made it out of there in time, didn't you?"

"Yup, it was cra-"

I stopped midsentence when I saw the gravlift in front of us, a purple beam of light moving slowly upwards. The Chief hopped on, Karl and I looked at each other, I shrugged my shoulders and followed.

I floated up to the next floor, greeted by the Master Chief and even more carnage and destruction. Dead Covenant lay everywhere, a great majority in two or more pieces. "It seems..." I thought to myself, "that our Spartan found an energy sword somewhere." I wished I could have seen it in action, I had only looked at pictures of it before, and it certainly seemed powerful. The purple, trapezoidal boxes were scattered everywhere here also, one right at our feet.

When Karl came up a moment later, he spent a few seconds cracking one open. When he succeeded, three metallic tubes toppled out.

The Spartan quickly grabbed all three, put two in an armor compartment, and held the third in his hand. He snapped his wrist down quickly and in a flash of light, an energy sword appeared.

"Wish granted" I thought

3. Chapter 3: The Others

****Author's Note** " Thank you for waiting such a long time so patiently. Let me just give a brief explanation of the events which conspired against my undertaking of the story. First, I had only one copy of the chapter, on my computer, then my step-dad got angry at me and I wasn't allowed on. Then I had internet problems both at home and with in general, then Finals Week came up (and is still on for me) and whew, there you go. Check out the poll on my account if

you're even marginally interested in this piece of literature. Thank you, thank you very much. P.S. If you have any questions comments or critiques, THAT'S WHAT REVIEWING IS FOR!!! Hehehe, sorry, forgot to take my Happy Pills today (Gulp) there, much better, Please review.**

Chapter 10

We passed all the gore and came to another door. It was purple, distinctly shaped, and at the end of the walkway like the one from my prison, so I guessed our surviving mates were there. Along with Covenant guards.

"Strauss, Karl, take positions by the door and guard my back. I'll clear the room and signal when it's clear."

I let out a sigh of relief knowing I wouldn't be involved in combat right now. After so many close calls, all I wanted was to go home. Alive. And I was going to do anything possible to do that. Dad could handle me being gone, he had an army to run, but mom, mom— I don't think she could stand it. I stayed lost in my thoughts and didn't even realize what was happening when Karl grabbed my shoulder and started shaking.

"Dude, snap out of it, Green-boy gave the clear signal, let's go already."

"Huh, oh, yeah, sorry, just been thinking too much lately."

We walked into the room, a repeat of all the others, Grunt air tanks slowly hissing methane out, a Brute whose face showed he died very painfully, and two Jackals with nearly every bone in their body broken. The Chief stood in the center of all the carnage with two Marines and a Helljumper who seemed very happy to be out of their cages. They each held a Brute plasma rifle, and one of them had a backpack with an antenna and a small dish poking out from it like a curious animal.

I nodded towards the backpack, "What's the antenna for?"

"It's a radio receiver and Covenant language translator, recently updated from our friend Cortana. Ace and I" he curtly motioned to the other, shorter Marine next to him, "were up on a hill intercepting Covenant transmissions when we got captured."

I nodded, remembering Johnson shouting orders to him when we got to Earth and when we landed on Halo, "That would make you... Perry?"

"Yup, hit that one right on the nail. But I didn't get your name kiddo."

I slapped my forehead "Duh, sorry. I'm Strauss and this..." I turned and pointed Karl out, "Is my new buddy Karl. Who's the other guy?"

The ODST removed his helmet and slipped a cigarette in his mouth in one fluid motion. He then flicked the tip of the cigarette to light it. With his helmet gone, I could see that he was really freakin' old. Or if he wasn't, he definitely looked that way. His hair was

completely white and starting to thin. His skin was creased and resembled old leather more than skin. He had blue eyes, but they were dulled and looked as if they wished they could forget most of what they had seen. The smoke began to shroud his face, making me think of a futuristic film noir. "The only thing you need to know" he leaned against the wall and squinted at me, "Is that I am a Sergeant Major of the Marine Corps and that I outrank all of you except maybe for our friend, the Master Chief." He took his cigarette out and spat on the ground, "But I didn't get this rank by standing around and not sending aliens to meet their maker."

"Quiet Kraft!" the Chief intervened, "Where we're going, you'll have plenty of things to kill. But we've wasted enough time talking. It's time to take the fight back to the Covenant"

"It's about time we get out of this friggin' hole. Places like this get real old real fast." Kraft threw his cigarette on the ground and locked his helmet back on his head.

We all followed The Chief out, first Ace and Perry, then Karl and I, Kraft took the rear. We retraced our steps to the gravity lift, but when we got there, we went one floor higher. This floor was mostly like the two others, but also contained a central platform hovering over the bottomless pit. It was connected to the side walkways with two bridges twenty feet long. Leading up from the platform was yet another Grav-Lift, this one went up through the roof and it was impossible to tell where it went from there.

"Another one of these?" Karl asked, "They're starting to make me sick just by looking at 'em."

Perry, ahead of him, voiced back "Don't let it get to you Karl, that's what barf bags are for."

All of us were in fairly loose formation when we reached the bridge. We didn't have to worry about hostiles because the Chief had taken them all out before. So naturally we were all surprised when we were given the order to halt. "Hostiles. Coming down the lift. Everybody take cover and fire when they get in range."

Everyone scrambled up the bridge as fast as they could. Perry and Ace hopped over an overturned crate and pointed their plasma rifles up. Karl went over to another one and motioned with his rifle for me to join him. Kraft stayed right by a pillar which stood at the intersection of the bridge and the platform. The Spartan held back and set his Covenant Carbine's scope at the top of the gravity beam.

For ten eternal seconds, nothing happened. Then a Grunt descended from the roof. Two shots from the Chief's Carbine put an end to the small threat permanently. Two more Grunts appeared then a Jackal, and another Jackal. Plasma started flying everywhere, the unprotected Covenant above traded fire with us. Both grunts died quickly, but the Jackals had activated their shields and were able to touch ground. I hadn't fired a shot yet, and Kraft had noticed. "Fire your gun soldier! Do you want to die here!?"

I just crouched lower behind my cover, closed my eyes, and hugged my knees. I heard both Jackals scream as red-hot plasma made contact with their skin. I almost opened my eyes, but then I heard the most

terrifying sound in the world. It was a sound I knew I never wanted to hear again. It was the shout of a pissed-off Brute. The sound of plasma increased ten-fold, and a defeated gurgling sound followed. Next to me, Karl let out a long sigh. A little farther on, I heard a pair of boots stomping their way closer to me. I opened my eyes just in time to see Kraft grabbing me by the collar with both hands.

"You trying to get us all killed Moron!?" he slammed me against a standing crate. "I'm not going to have a coward in my fire team!" He grabbed a plasma pistol that a Jackal had dropped and pressed it against the temple of my forehead. "Chicken tastes real good deep-fried. How do you think you'll taste plasma-fried?" He pressed the gun harder on my head and started choking my neck with the other.

I started to hyperventilate, "I... I... I..."

"You what?" he asked back.

Perry ran over and put his hand on Kraft's arm, "Cool down man. Look at the kid, he can't be more than nineteen, he's probably never even seen the Covenant before, much less shot at them. Just take it easy."

Even with Kraft's polarized visor, I could tell he was glaring at Perry. He loosened his grip on my neck and put his face uncomfortably close to mine and whispered, "You better not hide in front of me boy, or the grip on my rifle might slip." He threw me on the ground and retrieved his plasma rifle, muttering beneath his breath.

Karl walked over and helped Perry bring me to my feet. "You all right amigo?"

"Yeah, a little shaken up, but I'll be fine in a moment."

Karl patted my back, "Don't worry about him, he's just pissy 'cause he don't get to wear green like us, huh Perry?"

Perry just rolled his eyes and shook his head. He opened his mouth to say something, but I motioned for him not to and spoke, "I have fought the Covenant before, but that was back on Cairo and Earth where we outnumbered them one hundred to one, behind us were reinforcements, behind them were hospitals, and behind them were gift shops. It's just that over here, if I make a mistake, nobody's gonna catch me if I fall."

4. Chapter 4: I Wanna Go Home

****Author's Note - Okay, I lied, it's Tuesday, but hey, I was only a day off this time, not three months. I wouldn't be surprised if the next chapter went up this very week. And on a side note, I will be deleting the chapters before the prison scene, they would have to include all-new characters and would really be a whole new story. So there. Yup. Uh-huh. Yeah. Enjoy the story. Don't forget to review.****

Chapter 11 or something, I really forgot now.

Ascending several dozen floors while inside a purple-glowing gravity

lift felt very odd indeed. I was falling 'up', yet I didn't flip over, and when the lift finally spit me out at the top, I didn't know which way was up. I was so disoriented, that when I heard Kraft shout out "Elites dead ahead!" all I could do was hit the floor, and hope nobody hit me. That turned out to be a good thing though, lying prone on the floor helped me orient my directions, and I could see the Elites taking cover behind some crates. I looked around myself, we were in a small circular room, it was closed on one end and had three openings which all led to walkways which offered no protection if anyone should stumble over the edge. I guess the Covenant didn't believe in guard-rails. Each walkway led to a path that encircled the rim of the room. Behind me was a solid wall, in front of me, on either side of the opening was the Chief and Kraft. Everyone else was taking cover behind some crates. I was lying out in the open, but nobody was shooting over here.

I took another look at the Elites, they were still hiding in response to the fire that Chief and Kraft were haphazardly sending their way while staying hidden. Here on the floor though, I had a clear shot at the Elite's heads, so I pulled my plasma rifle to my side, steadied my arms, carefully aimed, and missed completely. My shots singed the wall three feet above them and two feet to the right. One of the Elites then took notice of me, stared questioningly, and fired at me.

Luckily, his aim was almost as bad as mine, he hit the ground one foot to my right. He then took a step away from his cover, probably looking for a better angle. Somehow the Chief took notice, rolled to the center of the opening, and splashed the alien with red-hot plasma. It fell to the ground with a regretful wail. His friend then turned away from his cover and recklessly charged us, a few shots from the Chief put him down also. He turned to look at us and hollered out "We gotta keep moving now. They know where we are now."

I leaned over the dead hunter, catching my breath, him and the other Hunter took a lot of out of the team, even Kraft was tired, and Chief finally decided to give us some rest, we barricaded the door we came through, and the Spartan was standing watch while we recharged for a minute or two, we couldn't rest long though, High Charity was unsurprisingly filled to the brim with Covenant.

I started a quiet conversation with Karl, "Man I wish I would've been trained with these guns beforehand. I was supposed to be stationed on Earth, not fighting the Covenant on their own turf."

Karl turned to me and replied, "Yeah, well, I got some basic training with most of the Covvie weapons. I thought everyone learned how to use them nowadays."

He looked as though he was going to say more, but a deep hum coming from the roof cut him off. The hum began growing louder and louder until it was a steady buzz vibrating the room ever so slightly. Everyone grabbed a weapon and looked to the roof where the sound was emanating from. Karl began muttering Spanish curses under his breath, and Perry was scanning the roof for possible break-in points.

Nobody was more surprised than me when the Drones burst in the room from the grate above my head.

The grate was about two feet square, and probably saved my life when it fell on my head because, the drones immediately began firing at whomever they saw first (couldn't see me all the way thanks to the grate), and everyone in our rag-tag team fired back. occasionally their fire would get inside my comfort zone, but luckily Kraft seemed to preoccupied to grace my chest with plasma fire.

It was over just as soon as it started, and in no time at all, I heard Kraft's characteristic footfalls marching towards me. I hopped up, knocking the grate, and several dead Drones aside. I backpedaled, tripping over the Hunter I had been leaning on before, and he started shouting out "Didn't I tell you that you needed to learn how to fight boy?" His right hand clenched into a fist, "You'll never live ten seconds out on your own if you don't fight better. You've Gotta Remember What I Say Robert!"

Karl (who had evidently moved closer with Perry and Ace to keep anything from happening like last time) Looked at Kraft with a raised eyebrow, "His name ain't Robert, its Will."

Kraft, even through his helmet, was obviously discomfited at what he just said. He placed his gloved hand on his mask and walked off to the other side of the room without saying another word.

The Chief suddenly appeared, I didn't notice he left, but that didn't matter, he had missed the whole thing. Apparently he had gone to check and make sure our exit was still clear once the last Drone died. He announced to us that we had thirty seconds to rest before we packed up and headed out again. When I laid down again, my stomach grumbled loudly, I forgot the last time I had eaten anything, even water. More now than ever, I just wanted to go home.

For ease of use, I have now included several cut and paste reviews for those of you who are lazy to a whole other degree, just copy one of the below reviews, click on "review story" and paste the review on the webpage that will have opened on your screen.

I hate your story, you should burn and die.

I love your story, you are like a writing God.

I thought your story was mediocre, I could do better.

I didn't even read your story carefully, so I thought it was horrible, even though I have no Idea what a good story looks like because I never wrote one before.

I like the story, but you don't update often enough. Update or I kill You!!!

Huh? Where am I, I thought I was reading one of your other stories, gotta go.

**Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh... **

5. Notice for all you loyal readers

I have decided to rewrite/update two of my favorite stories, this being one of them. I am most likely going to start a completely new

story here, and then I'll see where that takes me. I'm still unsure as to whether or not I will write both at the same time or what, but I will be sure to let people know if they so desire. When I do start-up again, you can expect weekly updates either way. These two stories are the one's closest to my heart, and I want to finish them the way I originally intended. For JOG, there will be minor changes to the first half, a new prologue, a few new chapters in the middle, and most of the last third will be changed quite a bit, I rushed the end on that story far too much. as for TTT, I'm going to retain the storyline, but just rewrite the whole thing in a better, and less douchie format. And last but not least, I want to thank you if you are a loyal reader.

End
file.